3

THE SECOND SATIRE OF THE *SECOND BOOK* OF HORACE PARAPHRASED.

By Mr. *POPE*.

Horatius Flaccus
n (Q.)
[Sat. — Parodied.
English.]

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SATIRA IIda.

[1] QUÆ *virtus & quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,*
[2] (*Nec meus hic* Sermo, *ſed quem præcepit* *Ofellus*
Ruſticus, [4] abnormis *ſapiens,* craſſaque Minerva)
Diſcite [3] *non inter lanceis,* menſaſque nitenteis,
Cum ſtupet inſanis acies fulgoribus, *& cum*
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat;
[3] *Verum hic* impranſi *mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?*
Dicam ſi potero — —

— [2] *Le-*

SATIRE II.

WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart,
(A Doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk before we dine:
Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from Plate to Plate your eyeballs roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.

—— [8] *Leporem ſectatus, equove Laſſus* —
Cum labor extuderit faſtidia, ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne cibum vilem. —— [9] *Foris eſt Promus, & atrum*
Defendens piſces hyemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet: unde? putas, aut
Quo partum? Non in caro nidore Voluptas
Summa, ſed in teipſo *eſt* ***

[10] *Vix tamen eripiam, poſito* pavone, *velis quin*
Hoc potius quam gallina, *tergere palatum* —
Tanquam ad rem attineat quidquam: num veſceris iſta
Quam laudas, pluma? —— [11] *Laudas inſane,* trilibrem
Mullum, *in ſingula quem minuas pulmenta neceſſe eſt,*
Ducit te ſpecies video. Quo pertinet ergo
Proceros *odiſſe* lupos? *quia ſcilicet illis*
Macrem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.

[12] Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino
Vellem (*ait* Harpyiis *gula digna rapacibus*) *at vos*
Præſentes Auſtri! coquite horum opſonia: Quamvis

Putet

' Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.
' Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or kept from fiſh, (the River yet un-thaw'd)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in *you*, not in the meat.
'' Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chuſe a *Pheaſant* ſtill before a *Hen*;
Yet Hens of *Guinea* full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers, green and gold.
'' Of *Carps* and *Mullets* why prefer the *great*,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
Yet for *ſmall Turbots* ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs,
'' *Oldfield*, with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog *barbecu'd!*"
Oh blaſt it, '' South-winds! till a ſtench exhale,
Rank as the ripeneſs of a Rabbit's tail.
By what *Criterion* do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for *ſweetneſs*, that for *ſtink*?

When

Putet *aper, rhombusque* recens, *mala copia quando*

Ægrum sollicitat *stomachum, cum* rapula *plenus*

Atque acidas *mavult inulas.* [15] *Necdum* omnis *abacta*

Pauperies *epulis regum: nam* vilibus ovis

Nigrisque est oleis *hodie locus.* ——

[16] *Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque* ciconia nido,

Donec vos auctor docuit Pretorius. [17] *Ergo*

Siquis nunc mergos *suaves edixerit* assos,

Parebit pravi docilis Romana Juventus.

[18] *Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Osello*

Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,

Si te alio pravum detorseris. [19] *Avidienus*

[20] (*Cui* Canis *ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret*)

Quin-

When the tir'd Glutton labours thro' a Treat,
The ſweeteſt thing will ſtink that he can eat;
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[15] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee,
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
[16] The *Robin-red-breaſt* till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a *Martin*'s neſt,
Till *Becca-ficos* ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been a Peer.
[17] Let me extoll a *Cat* on Oyſters fed,
I'll have a Party at the *Bedford Head*,
Or ev'n to crack live *Crawfiſh* recommend,
I'd never doubt at Court to make a Friend.
[18] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one Vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean,
Plain, but not ſordid, tho' not ſplendid, clean.
[19] *Avidien* or his Wife (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [20] dog, and her a bitch)

Quinquennes oleas eſt, & ſylveſtria corna.

[21] *Ac niſi* mutatum *parcit defundere* vinum, &

Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (*licebit*

Ille repotia, natales, *alioſque dierum*

[22] Feſtus *albatus celebret*) *cornu ipſe bilibri*

Caulibus *inſtillat*; [23] veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, & horum

Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.

[24] *Mundus erit qui non offendat ſordibus, atque*

In neutram partem cultus miſer. [25] *Hic neque* ſervis

Albuti ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,

Sævus *erit: nec ſic ut ſimplex* [26] *Nævius*, unctam

Convivis præbebit aquam: *vitium hoc quoque magnum.*

[27] *Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum*

Afferat. [28] *In primis valeas bene: nam variæ res*

Sell their preſented Partridges, and Fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[21] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome [22] lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt [23] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear;
Oyl, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the Cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[24] He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, or on that:
Nor [25] ſtops, for one bad Cork, his Butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good Cook away;
Nor lets, like [26] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
[27] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our Friend, and what he ſaid I ſing.)
Firſt Health: [28] The ſtomach (cram'd from ev'ry diſh,
A Tomb of boil'd, and roaſt, and fleſh, and fiſh,

Ut noceant homini credas, memor illius eſcæ

Quæ ſimplex [29] olim *tibi ſederat; at ſimul aſſis*

Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis,

Dulcia ſe in bilem vertunt, ſtomachoque tumultum

Lenta feret pituita. [30] *Vides, ut pallidus omnis*

Cœna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum

Heſternis vitiis, animum *quoque prægravat una,*

Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.

[31] *Alter ubi dicto citius curata ſopori*

Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.

[32] *Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam:*

Sive diem feſtum *rediens advexerit annus,*

Seu recreare volet tenuatum corpus: *ubique*

Accedent anni, & tractari mollius ætas

Imbecilla *volet.* [33] *Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam*

Quam puer & validus præ-ſumis mollitiem? ſeu

Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?

Ran-

When Bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the Man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers oft [29] the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air!
[30] How pale, each Worſhipful and rev'rend Gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City, feaſt!
What life in all that ample Body, ſay
What heav'nly Particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides; and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
[31] On morning wings how active ſprings the mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
[32] Not but we may exceed, ſome Holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme.
Ill Health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more, the Sickneſs of long Life, Old-age:
[33] For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the Veſſel drains?

[34] Rancidum aprum *antiqui laudabant, non quia nasus*
Illis nullus erat, sed (credo) *hac mente, quod hospes*
Tardius adveniens, vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus consumeret. [35] *Hos utinam inter*
Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset!
[36] *Das aliquid* Famæ? (*quæ* carmine gratior *aurem*
Occupat humanam.) *Grandes rhombi, patinæque*
Grande ferent una [37] *cum* damno, dedecus. *Adde*
[38] *Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,*
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[39] *As*, laquei *pretium.* — —

[34] Our Fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our Fathers had no noſe?
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt:
Better to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
[35] Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
E're Coxcomb-pyes or Coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy He, the voice of Fame to hear,
([36] That ſweeteſt Muſic to an honeſt ear;
For 'faith Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a Song)
Who has not learn'd, [37] freſh Sturgeon or Ham-pye
Are no rewards for Want, and Infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [38] neighbours, thy Truſtees, thy ſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how Poſterity will treat thy name;
And [39] buy a Rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.

[40] " Right,

40 — *Jure, inquis, Thraſius iſtis*

Jurgatur verbis; ego vectigalia magna

Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. 41 *Ergo*

Quod ſuperat, *non eſt* melius quo *inſumere poſſis?*

Cur eget indignus quiſquam *te divite? quare*

42 Templa *ruunt* antiqua *Deum? cur* improbe! *caræ*

Non aliquid patriæ *tanto emetiris acervo?*

Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?

43 *O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uter-ne*

44 *Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui*

Pluribus aſſuerit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum?

An qui contentus parvo, metuenſque futuri,

In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

45 *Quo*

[40] " Right, cries his Lordſhip, for a Rogue in need
" To have a Taſte, is Inſolence indeed:
" In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
" My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let [41] Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that Superfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [42] new-built Churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five *per Cent.*
[43] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful Jeſt for all mankind!
And [44] who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or whoſe wiſe forecaſt and preventing care,
In Peace provides fit arms againſt a War?
[45] Thus Bethel ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:

His

45 *Quo magis hoc credas, puer hunc ego parvus* Ofellum

Integris *opibus novi non latius uſum,*

Quam nunc acciſis. 46 *Videas*, metato *in agello*, *

Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta

Quidquam præter 47 olus, *fumoſæ cum pede pernæ.*

At mihi cum 48 longum poſt tempus *veneris hoſpes,*

Sive operum vacuo, *&c.* —— *bene erit, non* 49 piſcibus

urbe petitis,

Sed pullo *atque* hædo; *tum* 50 penſilis uva *ſecundas*

Et nux *ornabit menſas, cum* duplice ficu.

Poſtbac ludus erit 51 *Cuppa potare Magiſtra,*

Ac venerata Ceres, *ut culmo ſurgeret alto,*

Explicuit vino contracta ſeria frontis.

Sæviat

His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In *South-ſea* days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of thouſands, than ev'n now [46] *Excis'd*;
In Foreſts planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.
Content with little, I can piddle here
On [47] Broccoli and mutton, round the year;
But [48] ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my Bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [49] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[50] From yon old wallnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,
And figs, from ſtandard and Eſpalier join:
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine.
Then [51] chearful healths (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place)
And what's more rare, the Poet ſhall ſay *Grace*.

Sæviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!

Quantum hinc imminuit? quanto aut ego *parcius, aut* vos,

O pueri nituiſtis, ut huc [52] novus Incola *venit?*

[53] *Nam* propriæ telluris *herum natura neque illum*

Nec me, aut quemquam ſtatuit; nos expulit ille,

Illum aut [54] Nequities, *aut* [55] vafri inſcitia juris,

Poſtremo expellit certe [56] vivacior hæres,

[57] *Nunc ager* Umbreni ſub nomine, *nuper* Ofelli

Dictus, erit nulli proprius, ſed cedet in uſum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [58] *Quocirca vivite fortes!*

Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt?
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before, and after [52] Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my Father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's, is not that my own,
And yours my friends? thro' whoſe free-opening gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going gueſt.)
" Pray heav'n it laſt! (cries Swift,) as you go on;
" I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own!
" Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife:
" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."—
Well, if the Uſe be mine, can it concern one
Whether the Name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [53] *Property?* dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [54] Peter Walter,
Or, in a mortgage, prove the Lawyer's ſhare,
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the Heir,

Or

Or in pure [55] Equity (the Caſe not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome [56] ungracious Son
That cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own.
[57] Shades, that to Ba** n could retreat afford,
Are now the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemſley once proud * Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight.
[58] Let Lands and Houſes have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own Maſters ſtill.

* Villers, Duke of Buckingham.